

|  |   |  |  |   |
|--|---|--|--|---|
| ALONE IN THE ROOM... LEAST WE THOUGHT WE WERE ALONE...         | WHAT WAS THAT?<br>IT'S A GROWL!<br>IT'S A GROWL!<br>IT'S A SNARL! | NO, IT'S PROBABLY DAD, JUST GOT UP FOR A DRINK...          | AND WE THOUGHT IT WAS MONSTERS... HOW FOOLISH... JUST THINK... | A MONSTER AT XMAS... HOW COULD SUCH A THING BE...       |
| IT'S SANTA!<br>WITH PRESENTS!<br>ME ME ME!<br>FOR ME!          | SURE! HE CAME DOWN THE CHIMNEY, WITH TOYS FOR US ALL...           | HE'S PROBABLY OUT THERE -- OUT THERE IN THE HALL!          | SURE! IT'S JOLLY OLD SANTA! IT'S SANTA FOR SURE!               | SOME POPPED OUT OF BED AND TIPTOED TO THE DOOR...       |
| THEN JED TOOK A PEEK ROUND, BUT ALL WE COULD SEE...            | WAS HIS HEAD RIPPED APART BY AN M-33...                           | WE SAID, "JED! WHAT'D HE BRING US? SOME TOYS? A NEW BIKE?" | "IS IT JUST WHAT WE WANTED? IS IT SOMETHING WE'LL LIKE?"       | BUT JED WOULDN'T TELL US, SO WE WENT OUT TO SEE...      |
| THERE WAS CANDY AND PRESENTS ALL UNDER THE TREE!               | BUT THEN SOMEBODY GRABBED US, STUFFED US INTO A SACK...           | WE SAID, "WHAT DO YOU WANT US FOR?"                        | AN UNNATURAL ACT...  | AND HE DRESSED US IN LEATHER AND BRIGHT SHINY CHAINS... |
| AND HE TOLD US TO CHACHA, (WE THOUGHT HIM INSANE)...           | WE CHA-CHAED ALL EVENING, WE DANCED ALL NIGHT LONG...             | WHILE HE SANG "WOOLY BOOLY" AND SOME OTHER SONGS...        | A DEMENTED OLD PERVERT, HE DEMANDED WE TWIRL---                | AND LEAP INTO THE AIR AS HE SANG "DUKE OF EARL"...      |
| THEN HE CALLED US ALL OVER-- TOOK OUT HIS CIGAR...             | AND HE SAID, "BOYS, I LIKE YOU...<br>GONNA MAKE YOU ALL STARS!"   | "I BEEN LOOKIN' FOR SOMEONE TO BACK UP MY ACT..."          | "STICK WITH ME... FANCY CLOTHES, LOTSA DOUGH, CADILLACS..."    | SO WE ALL SIGNED OUR NAMES AND HE MADE US ALL STARS...  |
| HE KNOCKED 'EM DEAD WITH HIS SINGING-- WE PLAYED THE GUITAR... | WE HAD PLENTY OF MONEY, WE INVESTED IN STOCK...                   | AND WE TOLD THAT OLD FOOL TO GO FART IN HIS SOCK...        | WELL-- HE DID, SO THIS XMAS, BE ADVISED AND TAKE CARE---       | IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THAT ONE, JUST HANGING UP THERE...   |
| BOSCOM   |   |  |  |   |

PREVENT CHRISTMAS PRESENT THEFTS!

STOP THIEF, DROP THAT PACKAGE! I'M AN UNDERCOVER POLICEMAN... AND HE'S A GERMAN SHEPHERD.

OH...

CRIPES!

REAL FIERCE LOOKIN', TOO!

**"TEN MINUTES TO PRESS TIME"**

HEY! SHAKE A LEG! WE GONNA RUN A BLANK SHEET?

GOT A GREAT STORY HERE... ABOUT A DOG...

HEY! HOW MUCH LONGER DO I GOTTA WRITE THESE CRUDDY DOG STORIES?

DOG STORY? GREAT!

DOG STORY? PAGE ONE!

—The Editors

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YEY!  
YEY!  
YEY!



Once a year, the craftspeople of M.C.A. lay their wares before us and share the creations of their hands. We should strive to extend these sharing times and widen their scope to include all, as not merely creator and admirer but as both with much to offer.

I hope the success of past years again follows our craftsmen for their contribution to the College and the Season.

—Editor

[illegible]



